

Poetical Frenzy, *K*

Eng. Poetry vol 53.

O R A

Venture in Rhyme.

*Trust not yourself, but your Defects to know,
Make Use of every Friend---and every Foe.*

POPE.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. BALDWIN, in Paternoster-Row.

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Poetical Frenchy

O R A

Venture in Rhyming

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S L E E P.

SISTER of the silent night,
 Gentle Goddess, hither come;
 Softly waft thy pinions light;
 Make with me, awhile, thy home.

Come, sweet Sleep, and with thee bring
 Fancy, with her magic wand;
 Bid her stretch her best plum'd wing,
 To collect her various band.

Let ev'ry passion of the soul be there,
 From trembling Rapture, down to black Despair.

Behold!

Behold! the Goddeſs, wreath'd with nodding poppies, glide,
 Impatient Fancy flutters by her ſide.

Stay ye lively, frolic throng,

With you, gladly, I'll along ;

To your buſy, ſportive train,

Let me add a ſimple ſwain.

Lovely nymph thy hand I preſs ;

Can you mean me thus to bleſs ?

• Ev'ry heart elate with pleaſure,

Now we trip in quickeſt meaſure,

All jocund, happy, brisk and gay,

We dance and ſing and friſk and play,

O'er hills and o'er meads,

Where e'er fancy leads,

Through wood and o'er glade,

Now ſun and now ſhade,

Looks

Looks endearing,
 Laughter chearing,
 Snatching kisses,
 Heavenly blisses,-----

Break the giddy, frantic dance,
 With reverential awe advance
 Through the shady, cypress gloom ;
 From urns and hollow tombs around,
 How sadly solemn is the sound.---

See ! the temple's stately dome !
 With fervent hearts and solemn shew,

In silence, hear the deep-ton'd organ blow.

Behold the vaulted roof divide !
 And down a winged seraph glide !

“ Refulgent beam from nature's fire,

“ If to thee the pow'r be given,

“ Touch me with ethereal fire,

“ And bid me mount to heaven.”

He

He grants my fervid, wild desire,
 My bosom glows with heav'nly fire;
 See---he waves his rosy wing,
 Amaz'd, enraptur'd up I spring;
 Th' arched roof permits our flight
 Upwards to the realms of light.

Now, on a snow-white cloud reclin'd,
 We're gently wafted by the wind;
 In the cherub's beauteous face
 Beam dignity and heavenly grace,
 Now, on a towering, rocky height
 We calmly stop, and gently light.

Smiling ocean, crystal floods,
 Hills, and vales, and rocks, and woods,
 I bid you all a last adieu;
 Earth, no more, these eyes shall view;

Brighter

Brighter scenes shall bless my fight
In the realms of heav'nly light.

What baleful influence veils the sky?
Aloft the foaming billows fly!
To mighty ocean's hollow roar,
Refounds the trembling, frightened shore;
The rolling rocks tear up the groaning plain---
Save me! save me!--ha! he flies---
Save me!--snatch me to the skies!
-----My failing fight---my swimming brain---

What guardian power is at my side?

-----Down the craggy steep I glide!

The foaming, boisterous main
Is now a verdant plain!

Whence this change?

Pleas'd I range

B

Through

Through the beauteous sylvan scene,
 Vary'd sweet by Cynthia's sheen;
 See! the Goddess seems to pry,
 Ev'ry shade with curious eye;
 Sure, suspicious, in these bow'rs,
 Venus spends her wanton hours.
 Or, in the river's polish'd glass,
 Does she view her beauteous face?
 Or, on a silver cloud reclin'd,
 Does she hush the envious wind?
 Lift'ning, with delighted ear,
 To the charming concert here;
 Ravish'd with the plaintive note
 From philomela's tuneful throat,
 And the murm'ring of the rill,
 Hast'ning down the bush-clad hill.

But

But soft---what lovely form is there

On yonder mossy bank reclin'd?

Retire---nor with officious care

Disturb her meditative mind.

'Tis Celia's voice that greets my ear!

I press her to my throbbing breast;

Her eyes and trembling heart declare,

That as she blesses so she's blest.

Of babling language we no aid require,

Nor mourn her though she's gone;

Love's subtil, animating fire

Hath join'd two hearts in one.

Why heaves that sigh?

Why falls that pearly tear?

No danger's nigh---

What harm can Celia fear?

Lovely trembler, banish every care.

The forked light'ning rends the skies !

(Nature starts in wild surprise)

Celia's breast receives its force ;

She sinks, a breathless, livid corse :

With bellowing thunder's fearful sound,

Rocks, and hills, and woods resound---

All ^{is} his silence, horror, and despair.

What various sounds assail the ear ?

Sure, some hundred-headed monster's near !

Do shouts of joy alarm the night ?

Or is't the cry of wild affright ?

Whence this numerous train ?

'Tis Comus with his revel rout ;

See the reeling, sensual throng,

With tipsey dance and broken song,

With hideous laugh and horrid shout

Disturb the silent plain.

See

See the sprightly god advance ;
 The sparkling cup is in his hand,
 Quick, his all-commanding glance
 To silence awes the noisy band.

With pleasant look and courteous grace,
 Behold him lightly move along ;
 Bright mirth and humour fill his face,
 Soft eloquence inspires his tongue.

My wond'ring ears are sweetly charm'd,
 Amaz'd my stagger'd thought,
 Each busy fear is now disarm'd,
 I take the proffer'd draught.

What strange frenzy fires my brain ?--
 Come ye jovial social train,
 Fill the foaming goblet higher,
 Burn each grief in transport's fire ;

Boding

Boding thought in pleasure drowning,
 Laughing at dull Wisdom's frowning,
 Lead the gay fantastic dance ;
 For fruitless Care---welcome, Chance ;
 Scorning bashful, feeble bliss,
 Let us snatch the burning kifs ;
 Mirth's bright flame shall ne'er expire ;
 Wine's the oil shall give it fire.

Fill the bowl,

Fire the soul ;

Of every pleasure

We'll rifle the treasure.---

Brisk, wanton dance---

Kind beauty's glance---

Burning kifs---

Trembling bliss---

---Ah the baseless vision flies !

What magic holds me down ?

The

The struggling soul each fruitless effort tries,

No nerve its power will own.

The villain's desperate grasp I feel---

---At my throat the murderous steel---

My labouring organs vainly strive to scream.---

---Fearful Silence fills the night!

No star emits her chearing light!

-----'Twas but a dream!

O awful Sleep, if thus severe,

Intemperance thou rack'st with fear,

How pale, aghast the murderer stands,

Who su'd thee with his bloody hands,

His remorse how keen!

When dismal darkness aids thy power,

What horrors seize his midnight hour!

Compassion drops the scene.

Virtue

Virtue and Health thy love enjoy;

If their favour'd suit they move,

Soft thy ready lap will prove;

How sweetly smiling there they lie.

FRIENDSHIP.

F R I E N D S H I P.

O Friendship! lenient balm of Care,
 Thy influence sweet I largely share,
 Then, let me, grateful, strive to raise,
 A feeble voice to sing thy praise.

O wou'd the Muse her skill impart,
 To charm the ear and warm the heart ;
 Wou'd she with true poetic fire,
 My heavy, lifeless strain inspire ;
 Then Truth and Beauty shou'd combine,
 And charm each hearer to thy shrine.

But ah ! the Muse disdains my prayer,
 My unknown voice she will not hear ;

Yet, though no music smooth my song,
 Nor sacred fire enchant my tongue,
 Deign thou to hear in accents rude,
 The fault'ring voice of Gratitude.

In vain the Spring spontaneous pours
 Her soft'ning, all-refreshing show'rs,
 In vain she decks the verdant mead,
 With sweetest flow'rs t'invite the tread ;
 In vain she strives with fragrance sweet,
 The cold, unquicken'd sense to greet ;
 In vain does Summer's silver stream
 Play, wanton, in the solar beam ;
 In vain her cooling, leafy shades
 Stretch, friendly, o'er our drooping heads ;
 In vain does Autumn crown the whole,
 If Friendship's Charm not tune the soul.

Tis

'Tis hers to give the Spring her bloom,
 From Summer's shade to chase the gloom,
 To add to Autumn's blessings, joy,
 And bid despair from Winter fly.

'Tis thou, O Friendship, who dost raise
 Love's clouded fire to purer blaze ;
 'Tis thou who giv'st to man the power
 In bliss, above the brute to soar :
 The wretch that's sunk in sensual lust,
 Thou scorn'st with indignation just,
 And though he claims thy sacred flame,
 Yet all he knows is but the name.
 Thy sweetest joys none here can prove,
 Where stronger raptures flow from Love ;
 But when the soul shall take its flight,
 And bask at large in Wisdom's light ;

When passion's storms no more impel,
 But reason's gales our wishes swell;
 When sense no more shall cloud the mind,
 But pleasures give of purer kind,
 Then, rich in rapture, shall we prove,
 That Friendship's height is more than Love.

Irregular

Irregular Lines written immediately after hearing the celebrated Mrs. CARLETON play on the Musical Glasses and afterwards beat the Drum.

Presumptuous scribbler, shall thy untutor'd lays aspire }
 To sing of softness Orpheus never taught his lyre, }
 A theme like this wou'd Sappho's sweetest pen require.
 Woud'st thou attempt in feeble words to tell the ear
 Of sounds that ravish'd souls to heaven bear ;
 Give o'er the arduous task, nor vainly strive to tell,
 What music Carleton's touch steals from a baby's bell.

Enchanting artist ! by all thy magic power is felt,
 Thou can'st the soldier soften and the lover melt ;
 To old Avaro's guarded heart can'st steal,
 And, spite of freezing avarice, make him feel ;
 Nay, é'en at modest beauty, Coxcomb stares no more,
 He hears ! he feels a something he ne'er felt before.

Though

Though by the tuneful glass no more thy touch is felt
 Cautious for fear th' enraptur'd flint should melt ;
 Yet ravish'd Fancy feeds the greedy ear,
 And what we do not still we think we hear.

To wise Ulysses had thy charming power been known,
 The Chief in chains ignoble never had been thrown.
 One touch like thine the pleasure-mad'ning strains had hush'd
 And Syrens then had for their music blush'd !

O sacred Nine ! me wou'd ye inspire,
 To dart from Otway's softness up to Shakespeare's fire ;
 Then wou'd I paint, in language unconfin'd,
 The quick transition of the startled mind,
 When thou, Enchantress ! strik'st the drum,
 And martial ardour rushes from its hollow womb ;
 By jealous warmth impetuously prest,
 She drives usurping softness from the soldier's breast ;

His soul she rouses to the thirst of fame;
 The Lover's langour lights to glory's flame;
 From Coxcomb's heart she takes the soften'd share,
 But nobly scorns a habitation there.

When furious Hector storm'd the Grecian Camp,
 And pallid Fear on Grecian Courage cast a damp;
 When oft-try'd heroes fought, with nimble feet,
 To gain a shelter in their burning fleet,
 One stroke like thine from ev'ry breast had chas'd ignoble
 Had Mars with Hector thunder'd on their rear.] [fear,

O pow'rful Mistress of transporting sound,
 Who mak'st the heart with softness tremble, or to glory bound,
 Thou! who in the mind such vast extremes can'st raise,
 Kindly forgive this rude attempt at praise;
 Fir'd by the magic of thy wond'rous art,
 And madly scorning dread Apollo's dart,

Prefumptuous

Presumptuous, as he slept, I snatch'd his lyre,
 And thus first harshly scratch the heavenly wire,
 Wak'd by the noise the starting God looks round---
 ---His frowns indignant stop the jarring sound.

(25)
F R A G M E N T,

By a F R I E N D.

BLACK night, tempestuous, hastens o'er the sky,
The winds discordant howl, the billows fly ;
The gleaming light'ning quivers on the wave,
And shews the mariner his wat'ry grave ;
Full on the craggy steep, with horrid force,
The storm-drove vessel ends her labouring course;
The forked fire darts on the pond'rous rock,
Splits the vast bulk, and sickens at the shock ;
Deep ocean groans, loud thunders roll above,
And shake the seat and all the works of Jove.

D

S O N G.

S O N G.

I F Celia's tread I chance to hear,
 Why feel I so much pain?

When if her form do not appear,

My ease I don't regain.

II.

Why do I straight, with anxious eye,

Each walk and bower explore?

When if the nymph I chance to spy,

My pain is but the more.

III.

Why, if she speak, does still my mind

In painful tumults rise?

When if the maid were not so kind,

My breast would heave with sighs.

IV.

IV.

Why, if the smile, does not my mind,

With blisful transports fill ?

When sure, if she were so inclin'd,

Her frowns have power to kill.

V.

Alas ! alas ! I hopeless burn,

Nor can I cure receive ;

For how can Celia love return,

Till pleasure I can give ?

ENTHU-

ENTHUSIASM.

EXALTED on her ebon throne,
 Sad, silent, gloomy and alone,
 Enthusiasm fits ;

No joy her heavy heart can feel,
 Woe on her face has set its seal,
 Her baleful eye, with glances dire,
 Shoots a fearful, gloomy fire
 That blasts where e'er it hits.

Behold the spectre waves her wand !

Hark ! she calls her dismal band :

See ! Ignorance is foremost of the ghastly train,
 The chief supporter of the tyrant's reign ;
 With error's mist before her eyes,
 She trembling creeps or wildly flies ;
 Alternate in her looks appear
 Presumption bold and abject fear.

Next

Next Superstition stalks along,
 Round her delusive phantoms throng,
 Now demons grim with snaky hair,
 Now beauteous forms of painted air;
 But nought her anxious, clouded aspect cheers,
 She starts at those and these the boding fears.

And look where woe-worn Melancholy slowly moves;
 In her gloomy, callous face
 Of no soft sympathy the trace;---
 Sad Solitude, alone, she loves:
 Round she casts a heedless eye,
 Then stops, and heaves a mournful sigh,---
 To heaven she looks, but yet prefers no prayer,
 For all is hopeless quite, all fixed black despair.

Whence those horrid cries?
 To break her chain that raging spectre tries!

Whence that furious strife!
 'Tis desperate Madness struggling for the knife!

From

From her frenzy'd eye

Vivid lightnings fly---

Her shackled hands she cannot disengage,
And now she sits in the fierce gloom of disappointed Rage.

But see, with visage pale and brow severe,

Stern Inquisition drags her victim there :

The woe-struck wretch, in deep despair,

Attempts not a persuasive prayer ;

The hag obdurate, never hears

The suppliant's sigh or feels his tears ;

Each happy, fond connection o'er,

His sad remembrance pains the more ;

Snatch'd from his friends, he knows their fears,

Their boding hearts, their flowing tears ;

He sees his lovely partner of each care

In wild distraction rend her hair ;

Her frightened infant round her clings,

Heedless, away the lovely babe she flings ;

Her

Her piercing cries distract his madd'ning brain,
 Nor can his trembling knees his throbbing bulk sustain,
 Senseless he falls, his clanking chains resound,
 His grinding teeth imprint the shaking ground—
 Again he opens a despairing eye,
 Or if he hopes,---'tis speedily to die.---

The Monster with inexorable ire,
 Prepares the rack and lights the lingering fire.

Ha! see where dreadful Massacre appears,
 From earth to heav'n her hideous form she rears ;

Where e'er she rolls her baneful eyes,
 She spreads dismay and wild surprize---
 The harpy Fiend prepares for flight ;
 Her huge, stretch'd, shadowy wings turn day to night :
 Sear'd in her heart is pity's source,
 Havock and desolation mark her course---
 Nor age, nor infancy, nor sex she spares, [tears.

The blooming maid, the helpless babe, the nerveless fire she
 The

The mangled heaps she sits with exultation o'er,
Her heavy pinions drench'd with reeking gore;
To heaven she raises a presumptive eye,
Its favour claims and grins a horrid joy.

Sweet Religion, chearful, mild,
Pleasure's source, and Reason's child,
Come, array'd in heavenly sheen,
Come and cheer the dismal scene;
Hope, bright beaming, in thine eye,
Bid Despair and Horror fly;
Let us see thy beauteous face,
Come and dwell with human race;
Be but thou our helpmate dear,
We'll begin our heaven here.

The E N D.

